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"FOR THOU HAST BEEN OUR DWELLING-PLACE."

In Memory of Mrs. M. M. H. Hills.

BY IDA LORD REMICK.

*When one beholds a gentle, just, consid'rate life,
One asks what made it so, one questions why,
For we have learned that character is not bequest,
But something made by reaching low or high.*

*Her toleration broad, her lack of prejudice,
Her thoughtful judgment, striving to be kind,—
Adjusting all things by the Golden, Christlike Rule,—
Her keeping others always first in mind,*

*Were noble qualities and beauties that she earned,
And grace of mind and heart, and sincere speech,
And kind and gentle face, made so by gentle thought,
Were all results of holy, heavenly reach.*

*We need not doubt what made her reach to heav'nly things,
And kept her reaching when the years were dim,
The inspiration came from being near to God,
For she had made her dwelling-place in him.*

Working Notes.—It is very gratifying to know that the interdenominational mission topics for 1902 are being so widely adopted, and especially that our own General Conference and Woman's Missionary Society are studying them at the same time. Frances Stewart Mosher—who writes so happily of Mrs. Hills in this number of the *HELPER*—will furnish articles for the *Morning Star* and *Free Baptist* on the "Via Christi" topics. This month is one of "Prayer and Praise" throughout the denomination. In March we shall study Storer College, and other home mission work, together. . . . It is a pleasure to introduce a new contributor, as well as a new member of the faculty of Storer College, Mrs. Elizabeth Mosher MacDonald. . . . Many kind words have been received about the January *HELPER*, containing "Personal Recollections of Mother Hills." Material for a sketch of her life is being collected as rapidly as possible, but the work is retarded by the illness, or distance away, of several of her friends who could give the most important reminiscences. Will anyone who has knowledge of her anti-slavery record, or early missionary work, kindly communicate with the editor of this magazine? . . . Seventy-five missionary volumes from Mrs. Hills's library, besides scrap-books and missionary correspondence, have enriched the *HELPER* library. . . . The American Standard Edition of the Revised Bible, noticed on another page, is called by *The Sunday School Times* "the standard translation of the Bible for the English-speaking world." It is surely a joy to the reader. The choice of words in the rendering is exact, discriminating, felicitous, and the publishers have given a well-nigh perfect embodiment to the work. . . . The following quotation from a letter received about Christmas time from Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, president general of the International Sunshine Society, gives a suggestive glimpse of the beautiful activity at headquarters: "I only wish you could be with us one day and help fill boxes, barrels, and stockings, that are going out by the order of Santa Claus to all parts of the world. Our mail is something like four hundred letters a day, and I am over a thousand letters behind in my correspondence." . . . *HELPER* "Notes" are appearing each month in behalf of the publication committee. They are full of interest, too. This month—it's a secret, but I'll tell you—"A Plea for the *HELPER*" is written by a Rhode Island brother. . . . Miss Barnes writes, under date of Dec. 13: "We are working in the country. My tent has helped us to visit many new villages along this road, between Bhadrak and Chandbali. I have with me four native workers—two women, Rutnie and Saura, and two young men, Kama Deb and Hopna. We have had some very good and interesting work among the people in the villages and markets, and are all happy in the work together. Please remember us in your prayers, and also the people who listen, and buy the little books. Love and best wishes for our little *HELPER*."

Around the World.—The fourth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement will meet at Toronto, Canada, Feb. 26 to March 2. A writer in the December *Intercollegian* asks, "Will not the members and friends of the movement in all parts of Canada and the United States join with us in making the forthcoming convention an object of special prayer?" . . . Something of the extent of Ramabai's work for women and children in India can be judged by the following extract from her letter to the American Ramabai Association: "In the three homes there are now 1,950 inmates. From July, 1900, to July, 1901, the expenses at Mukti and Kripa Sadan were \$50,000; at Sharada Sadan, \$7,000. The large number of girls living together has so reduced the annual expense of each that forty-five dollars will now support one at Sharada Sadan, and thirty-three dollars one at Mukti. At Mukti fifty-two pupils are being trained as kindergarten teachers." . . . An interesting item is taken from one of Dr. Mary Bacher's letters from Michigan: "I have two photographs of Yearly Meeting groups, and in showing them I got to talking about Mrs. Rae and what a sweet woman she is and how, when there was talk of her leaving Jellasore, the Hindus and Mohammedans united with the Christians in a petition to the mission committee to let her remain." . . . It is said of one of the notable new books, "The Redemption of Africa," by Frederic Perry Noble, "It will be the authoritative classic on Africa for many years." The author says: "Africa is the most interesting of continents. It is equivalent to six continents. It is a world in itself." In the chapter on "Women's Work for African Women," he utters this "daring prophecy": "Female agency is now so independent, so large, so vital a factor in Christianizing and civilizing African peoples, that were women's work to cease to-day, missions would end to-morrow." . . . "An American Woman Captured by Brigands" is the title of an article, in *Everybody's Magazine* for January, that gives the clearest account we have seen of the unhappy fortunes of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the missionary who, on the third of September, was captured by Bulgarian brigands and held for ransom. Prayers, money, and diplomacy have thus far seemed to yield no result. Probably her fate will be decided before these words are in print, but whatever it may be, we have at least rediscovered the old truth that such experience makes us all one in sympathy and endeavor, whatever our special name as Christian workers. . . . The American Bible Society has received a report from its agent in Peking, in which he says: "Aside from the 'rebel bands' all give welcome to us and to our colporteurs, and our Bibles and portions are purchased almost greedily. People most indifferent before are now anxious to learn all they can of this religion that has been so much feared by officials, and for the truth of which thousands have gladly forfeited their lives, enduring shame and agony, and dying with a great light in their eyes and praise on their lips."

GLIMPSES OF SINCLAIR ORPHANAGE.

BY SHIRLEY HOLMES SMITH, M. D.

THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.



As you come in at the big green gate, with its big, square, white-washed masonry gateposts and guards, you see on each side of the driveway a little round, flat roofed building, the doctor's headquarters Tuesday and Friday mornings. The one on the left, with the bit of thatch over the door, is

the dispensary, the other being the examining-room and storeroom for extra drugs. Each has a big, heavy brown door and one window (the latter not visible from the driveway). Just beyond these are two big banyan trees, which will be a fine shady place for preaching, some day when the patients are more numerous than they are now.

The driveway forms a great loop, and at its farthest end, directly in front of you, is the house, the pictures of which you have often seen—a large one-story house with a high veranda across the front, projecting in a fine curve at the place of the entrance. The house is like all Indian houses, made of brick and plaster and whitewashed within and without. Some differ by having two stories, and others by having a colored paint, often yellow. On the veranda, by each pillar, and on the steps are potted plants of various kinds. There are a few flower-beds near.

The whole compound contains several acres. From near each end of the house a barbed wire fence enters down to the hedge along the front. This divides the compound into three parts. The east and west parts look like meadows, and the cows are grazed there under the direction of a strong young woman who looks and acts as though she had never seen a sick day. In the east part are the tanks. Diagonally across the west one you can see Miss Scott's house, the Widows' Home. Directly west of the house is the vegetable garden; but you can see nothing of it but the iron gate and the great hedge of trees, bushes, vines, and cactus. Through the trees you can catch glimpses of the

Nilgari Hills off to the west. The nearest is nine miles away, and there the mission has an out station.

Back of the big house, where Miss Gaunce and I live, are the girls' buildings and the outbuildings. If we follow the hedge from east to west we see first a small house—not used now—the barn where the bullock carts, the bullocks, and the cows are sheltered; then the chickens and wood house. All these are of mud, thatched, and separate from one another. Directly back of the house, forming almost a continuous line, are the cook-house and go down (storeroom), and the schoolhouse of *pucca*, and the girls' house, the last a long mud building, thatched and quite like the ordinary native house except that it is longer and there is no room in it for the cows, etc. The west end opens into a yard, surrounded by a high wall, and within which are the girls' cookroom, storeroom, and a room where they keep their boxes, with their worldly possessions, and where they may eat on stormy days. Now, do not think for a moment, that the girls are kept behind that high wall, for almost any time of day one may see any number scattered about the compound.

THE GIRLS.

They are a merry lot of girls, if they are orphans, and one wonders if ordinary Hindu girls have half the freedom and half the happy times that they do. They can laugh and chatter just as hard as the same number of girls in any country that I know of. I suspect they all look alike to you, but wait a little and you will find that they are just as individual in their looks and characteristics as any girls. There's Ruth—a regular Topsy—about twelve years old, straight as an arrow, always good-natured and ready to do what she is bidden. Then there's Kancha, a perfect witch-cat, full of mischief as she can be, and never still a moment. There's Cantha, a little coquette, very demonstrative in her affections and as fond as can be of finery. Kumodini is a dainty little morsel who would be very attractive—if not pretty—if she were white and dressed as white children are. And so I might go on to the end of the list.

The big girls have charge of the little ones, and they are always called by them *deedee* or *nana*, that is, sister; for instance, it is always Chandra *deedee* or Esther *deedee*, etc. Their favorite game is jackstones, and they become quite expert at it. While the girls are usually so happy and there is remarkably little quarrelling, yet one sometimes does hear crying, and on going to investigate you hear such things as this, "Missi Ba, someone hit me," or "Missi Ba, so-and-so called me names." I think I have heard things like it before, haven't you?

The big girls wear a skirt, jacket, and *sari*, that is, a long, straight piece of cloth draped about them, but the other girls wear only one garment. Their house dress is a garment of heavy unbleached material made like a chemise.

Their school and church frocks are such as you have sent out to them, plain dresses, skirt and waist together, of gingham, print, etc. Shoes and stockings? Oh, no; they are much more comfortable without them. And they never wear hats. They are very fond of flowers, and one often sees them arranged in their hair. Ruth likes to wear them over her ears, and I have seen her with a big yellow flower stuck over each ear.

THE WORK.

The first sign of activity in the early morning is the appearance of half a dozen or more girls armed with brooms and baskets to clean the yard. The bare space in front of their house is carefully swept with brooms which look like a bundle of sticks or a bundle of dried iris leaves without any handle. Then the sticks and leaves on the grass are picked up and carried away in baskets or in the girls' dresses, to be burned. About this time you would see ever so many sitting about cleaning their teeth (not a very private affair in this country). They do it with a stick chewed at one end to make it like a brush. Every one cleanses her teeth and mouth before eating anything, or even before taking a dose of medicine. So when the teeth are not discolored by chewing *pan* they are often very fine and beautiful. . . . Such a chattering on the back veranda! A woman has brought the parched rice; it has been measured out and fills a half bushel basket. One of the big girls doles it out in small tinfuls—about a teacupful—to each of the girls, who spread out their dresses to take it. This is their *chota hazri* (little breakfast). At ten o'clock they will have a breakfast of cooked rice, but each one has her bath before she is allowed to eat. This is 6 A. M. and the little girls are putting on their school frocks, and soon you will see a whole flock of them going across the west compound on their way to kindergarten. Each one has her little bundle of rice in her dress, to eat on the way. . . .

Here come the girls bringing water from the tank, three girls and four pails, a pail and a girl, a pail and a girl, until it ends with a pail; sometimes there are four girls. They hurry along under the heavy weight, but chatter all the time. Now they set the pails down to catch their breath, then on they go, their work made lighter because they are happy. . . .

There go some girls with a lot of brass dishes, going to the tank to wash them. There are no knives or forks to scour, no spoons to lose, no cup handles to be broken, nor fine plates to chip, only brass bowls and plates and a few of blue and white enameled ware; but they must be kept bright, an important part of an Indian housewife's work. Look out on the bank of the tank and you will see how they do it. A little water and dirt, a good deal of scrubbing outside and inside, and a good rinsing, and that is all. . . .

After school hours the front compound is dotted with girls—under the direction of one of the larger ones—picking up leaves and sticks that have fallen during the night and day. . . . Study hours are from 7 to 9 A. M., and 5 to 6 and 7.30 to 9 P. M. The veranda is the favorite place, and there you may see them seated on the floor with their books and slates, and making a sound like a lot of bees swarming.

THE BABIES.

What would the world ever do without babies to pet and love and care for! And babies are babies the world over, black or white, red or yellow. We have two brown ones—Rane who is three, and Josomonie a few months younger. Rane means queen, and she is a little autocrat, all are her subjects. Josomonie was nicknamed Cub, when she came from the famine district, because someone said her feet were like a bear's.

Rane is such a little mite of a girl, the top of her head comes just a wee bit above the dining table, so when she comes to see me at *chota hazri*, or tea time, she cannot see what is on the table, so in her most polite Oriya she says, "M' Ba, give me some bread," and when I give it she always says "T'ank 'ou" in English, just as any baby of three would. Josomonie is so tall her eyes come just to the top of the table, and since she cannot talk she says, "Nah" (her name for me) "Nah—hey," and points to what she wishes, usually bread. If I do not give it she laughs as though something were a very good joke, and stands on one foot, then on the other, and touches her forehead again and again, her way of saying "please." When she has what she has asked for she says thank you by touching her forehead again. Sometimes when Rane is very good I let her sit on the floor by my chair and eat. She eats her bread and milk or rice from her big brass bowl—with her fingers—scarcely dropping a bit even on her dress, and when she has finished there isn't a crum left in the bowl or on the fingers.

Balasore, India.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF STORER COLLEGE.

BY HARRIET A. DEERING.

IN May, 1900, for the first time in my life I had the pleasure of visiting Harper's Ferry and Storer College. I went, not to see the place, although the scenery there is so grand that one is surprised not to see the heights all about dotted with handsome suburban residences. I went to see the school and its workings, and though I kept wondering, the first day or two, why I was there, it seemed a greater wonder that I had never been there before. I had gone in obedience to an impulse, and now I am so far from regretting my trip, that I venture the suggestion that the college, co-operating with the railroad authorities,

arrange each year, during the spring term, for a trip from New England to Harper's Ferry, the John Brown country, and the battlefields of Antietam and Gettysburg, that an opportunity may be afforded to the thousands of Free Baptists already interested in the school and supporting it by their contributions, to see it in operation, to see its needs, its faithful teachers, its earnest students, and, above all, to feel the *spirit* of the place. For this was the strongest impression received, during my short stay, that the atmosphere of the school was one of gentleness and courtesy. The spirit of self-forgetfulness and service seemed to radiate from the presence of our veteran workers, Prof. and Mrs. Brackett, to impress itself upon all the teachers, and be caught up and reflected by the pupils.

If you could have a glimpse into the Brackett sitting-room in Anthony Hall and see how the loving instincts and persevering effort of a refined woman have transformed the bare walls and blackboards of a barren, high-posted school-room, with high old-fashioned windows and the regulation school platform, into a comfortable, artistic, and attractive family living-room, you could realize the kind of service that has been done by these our faithful workers during the last thirty-five years. As young bride and groom they entered upon their work, pioneers in an unpopular movement, with limited resources, and in a locality where they were completely ostracized by their cultured white neighbors. They have builded better than they knew. They have done "the best they could" with the materials at hand, adding to their faith charity, and to their charity cheerfulness, and to their cheerfulness perseverance, prudence, and New England pluck. The spirit of consecration that has actuated them all these years is to-day characteristic of every member of the faculty, and the atmosphere of the school is uplifting and transforming in a marked degree.

The only class-room work during commencement week was of the nature of examinations, and we found ourselves far more interested in a class in primary geography, trying to locate Maine and Portland, than in the classes in Cæsar and geometry. We admired the methods of the teacher, but we were fascinated with the desire to study the minds of the pupils. And the conviction was somehow borne in upon us, more and more, as the days went by, that back of the normal and manual training there was a greater need, and that the hope of the race and the success of its schools depend upon the kindergarten work of the future. And this impression was strengthened on commencement day by seeing in that crowded audience a family of father, mother, and nine children, ranging from the dignified alumnus to the black-eyed, three-year-old pickaninny, now sleeping, and now the center of interest of his older mischievous brothers. Could you have seen those hundreds of intelligent faces, every seat filled, sometimes two-deep, and the campus covered with teams of all descriptions and from all over

the country, you would say with me that there is no work in all our land where a little money can do so much good, or make such great returns, as in building up this institution in its various departments, and in supplementing these in due time with the kindergarten.

While listening to the essays and addresses of the maturer students and graduates, one could not fail to be impressed by their cheerful courage and their intelligent way of looking a difficulty squarely in the face. The race question is their problem. They are proud of the negro record during the Civil War, they feel their own possibilities of manhood and womanhood, but they feel, too, in a degree beyond our conception, the mental and moral shackles inherited from their fathers, and they begin to realize that their greatest obstacle in the life race—prejudice—is to be overcome, not by asserting their rights or fighting for them, not by argument or soft persuasion, not by arrogance or passive sufferance, but, as among us, by preserving one's own individuality in harmony with the Divine, by honest, skilful labor and manly living.

Portland, Me.

PRESENT NEEDS AT STORER.

BY PROF. HENRY T. McDONALD.

THE new year brings to workers at Storer an increased sense of the need for larger and better equipment at the college. With each new year there has been a small addition made to the working facilities of the institution. In the early years, before primary schools had been generally established, the actual needs of the institution were less than those of the present day and of a different nature. Now, schools are found in every well-regulated community, and as a result the grade of work being done at Storer is higher. So long as the school continues in following its present policy the tendency will be to strengthen the course of study and raise the requirements for graduation. As everybody knows, these things carry with them a pressing need for library facilities, cabinet collections, and laboratory equipments. In the library, which is strong in theological works, there is much need for books on history and literature. Our geological collection is small, but slowly growing, and fairly well meets present needs. But in our laboratory equipments we are sadly handicapped. Last year a beginning was made by utilizing the third story of the DeWolfe Industrial Building as a laboratory. We have scanty means for work in chemistry, and no equipment for doing experiments in physics, excepting as the teacher may devise means for that end.

The schools supported by State aid are being equipped generously, and their facilities for training young manhood and young womanhood are being multiplied, and it becomes more and more evident that our denomination must give more

largely than ever before for home missions, if the circle of our influence in the South is not to become smaller and yet smaller.

It is a pleasant thing to note that this very effort is being made. A feeling has long existed that better accommodations should be provided for the industrial work, and plans are being matured whereby it is hoped that the near future will witness the erection of a new industrial building which shall cost about \$2500. About one-third of that amount is in sight, and soon a general appeal to the denomination will be made for the whole amount. Let it not be supposed that the intention of the management is to emphasize industrial lines of work at the expense of the academic work. Such is not the case. Neither is it our purpose to fashion the school after some industrial schools of the South which have large quantities of expensive machinery. We want a chance to teach the young men and women how to use simple tools, and especially how to use their *hands*. A great lesson for the colored boy to learn is that he must work for himself, be his own master, if he is ever to rise high in the estimation of the best people.

The mass of the colored young men and women when they begin life have little capital. For the young lady who has finished a course in cooking or dress-making this lack of money is not so serious a condition as it is for the young man who, if he has been trained in the use of expensive machinery, must needs have more or less of such equipments. And so a training of this kind in many cases is a failure. And it is believed that under present circumstances the best industrial training we can give is that which trains brains and hands together.

History nowhere shows a more splendid outpouring of money for the education of a poor, despised, ignorant people than our own country has witnessed during the past generation. And in general, Northern wealth is being nobly aided by the best Southern influence in banishing ignorance and vice from south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The South is developing by leaps and bounds, and now strong local pride is establishing and supporting schools of all grades, from the kindergarten to the university. And it is the fixed purpose of the tax-payers that these centers of learning shall want in nothing. One might expect that this would not maintain in the colored schools, but the colored State schools are by no means neglected. And especially is this true in West Virginia.

Now Storer, who in a very liberal sense is the *alma mater* of many of these State schools, finds herself hampered in no small way through lack of funds. Property holdings have shrunk in value, interest earnings have decreased, and it is plain to see that the institution, which since the Civil War has exerted a controlling influence in colored education in several States, must be rallied to and through a continuance of direct missionary aid, and an enlargement of endowment be made to still maintain its former prestige.

A DAY AT STORER.

BY ELIZABETH MOSHER McDONALD.

It is six o'clock in the morning, and the college bell is ringing with a vim which suggests fire to even ancient inhabitants of Harper's Ferry. But, if you are a stranger, do not be alarmed; close your eyes again for a last nap, as the disturbance is only a repetition of what occurs five mornings out of seven in every week to rouse the students of Storer College to their daily tasks. If you are a student, you resolutely arise, start your fire, and if you board yourself, as so many do, you descend to the kitchens, where the girls under direction of Miss Brown, the boys under direction of Mr. Hughey, prepare their food. If you are a teacher, you determine to rise in five minutes, for some of your work is not yet in proper shape to present to the class, and you close one eye. The next sound that breaks the stillness is the merry jingle of the triangle through the halls and across the campus, announcing that seven o'clock has come, and in another half hour the same triangle summons you to breakfast.

At eight the chapel bell rings for study; the library is opened, the students' rooms are inspected, and the principal receives calls relative to school work. At a quarter to nine the chapel bell again sounds forth and you immediately see the walks thronged with eager-faced boys and girls, singing and laughing, getting the last bit of help from another student, or discussing the latest school gossip — all on their way to chapel. The teachers also come and assemble in a dignified row upon the platform. At nine the second bell finds each pupil in his seat, and after brief devotionals the recitations of the day begin.

Returning to our first premise, that you are a stranger and interested in the work, you may imagine yourself conducted through the different recitations, listening to mathematical demonstrations and Greek and Latin translations; some startling in their originality, others evincing the workings of a thoughtful, logical mind. If you are interested in carpentry you may see girls as well as boys making chairs, tables, bookcases, china closets, and other articles showing skill and much artistic taste. The cooking classes are also entertaining; the pupils being taught the care of a fire, the uses and relative merits of food, and the practical methods of working out those suggestions in palatable articles of food which you are invited to sample.

Noon comes all too soon and the triangle calls you to a dinner cooked in the style of ante-bellum days—roast chicken, hominy, baked potatoes, bacon, and other things one reads of in story. You linger over the meal, listening to war anecdotes, and discussing the many perplexing questions in the history of the college, until the vigilant bell recalls to you the fact that you have not yet visited the literature, English, and history classes or the sewing classes; and so you

renew your round of inspection, meeting everywhere the same courteous deference and frank curiosity on the part of the students which pleased and interested you in the morning.

At 3.45 the students reassemble in the large chapel and listen to the notices and occasionally to an address by some visitor, student, or teacher. Then the school is dismissed and for two hours you may either accompany a party of girls in a four- or five-mile walk, or watch an enthusiastic game of tennis, or at a safe distance gaze upon as good a practice game of football as you often see. The hour of six finds you with a hearty appetite ready to eat literal quarts of Southern mush and "apple jack." After supper you may attend the students' debating club or their prayer meeting, or you may accompany them as they go under escort to an entertainment in one of the town halls or churches; but always five nights out of the seven the inexorable study bell rings, and if you stay on the grounds you must do your part for the next hour and fifty minutes in maintaining perfect quiet. At 9.50 the retiring bell rings, and at ten lights must be out.

Then all is still save when a wary teacher discovers a forbidden gleam of light. The occupant of the room from which it issues has always a justifiable reason for the illumination, given with the most innocent expression of countenance, but strangely enough the explanations do not always appeal with the desired force to the questioner. However, matters are finally adjusted, and one day of Storer's life has become history, and "all's quiet along the Potomac" and the beautiful Shenandoah.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. HILLS.

BY FRANCES STEWART MOSHER.

It was about half a century ago that my father and mother, Rev. I. D. Stewart and wife, took me, a little child of four years, to the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting at Franconia. Very vividly I see again in memory the long line of carriages of loyal Free Baptists winding through the notch. I hear Nahum Brooks call out, as he counts the carriages, "There are over fifty in the procession." I see O. B. Cheney, Sinclair, Perkins, Peter Clark, and many others; and my childish intelligence is shocked when some one says Brother Burr is a printer, for I thought every good man was a minister.

But most vividly I remember a slight, delicate lady who, with grace and loveliness, was the life and center of the company. Perhaps she was forty, but her rosy cheeks, bright eyes, black hair, and elastic step corresponded with her vivacious conversation and charming manners. She was constantly a vision to me as she tripped along by the Flume, daintily stepped over the rocks of the Basin, called to the cliffs of Echo Lake, or repeated legends in the shadow of the great stone face. I followed her about in rapt admiration. She was Marilla Marks, the new wife of Rev. Elias Hutchins.

During the sessions of the Yearly Meeting it was announced that the sisters would hold a mission meeting in the schoolhouse. Thirty women, led by Mrs.

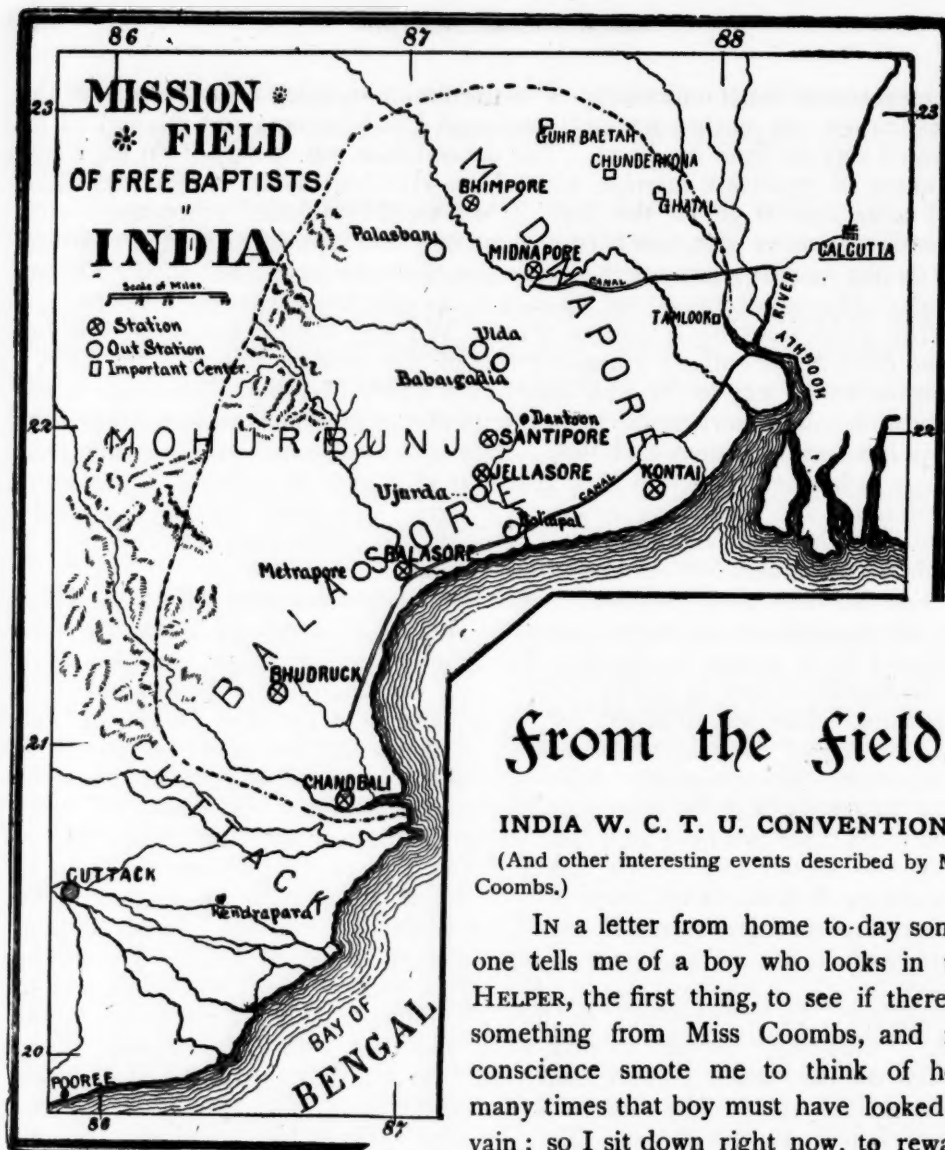
Hutchins, started for the meeting. I was fortunate in being near the head of the procession, for my mother was secretary, and I had become too excited to be permitted very far from her hand. The schoolhouse was locked. To me it was a moment of breathless interest, when Mrs. Hutchins stood on the steps and asked some one to go for the key. It was an old-fashioned schoolhouse with box seats on either side, teacher's desk at one end, opposite the door, and the stove in the middle; but never for me has there been another such a mission meeting. My career was settled, though it has only been remotely followed.

The years went by, a score of them. We had lived in the West. School life had filled my attention; but as the wife of the assistant editor of the *Star*, I was again on the way to the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting. This time it was at Sandwich. The story of the organization of the present Woman's Missionary Society has been so often told that I need not dwell on it. It was my great privilege to be associated with Mrs. Hutchins Hills and Mrs. Hayes in preparing a constitution and presenting names of officers. For three days we were constantly in committee, and the last afternoon Mrs. Hills read the report to a church full of women.

For the next score of years I was intimately associated with Mrs. Hills. How many pleasant memories come to mind. A couple of instances must suffice. I think it was in 1875 that Julia Phillips was at home, and Mrs. Hills had arranged a couple of weeks' tour among the churches of Maine and New Hampshire. She was detained by illness, and sent for Miss DeMeritte and myself. "Girls," she said, "you must go in my place," and as we looked aghast at each other, she continued, "Julia will make the principal speech, Laura will appeal for money, and Frances must talk to the children." So we started. We all know the other two have kept strait in the "middle of the King's Highway."

If one should turn to the report in the *Star* of the anniversaries held in Vermont in—I think—1878, there will be found at the close an account of an incident that strongly impressed me. It was the last evening. James Phillips was to leave on a night train to reach the steamer sailing for India. During the services he quietly left the church. Mrs. Hills took my hand and asked me to go with her. In the vestibule we met Mr. Phillips. The carriage was at the door. "Good-by," he said to Mrs. Hills, and then with deep emotion, "you will not be here when I come back, but," he added quickly, "I shall know where to find you." He went to India, came back, and Mrs. Hills enjoyed many delightful hours with him. Then he went again to India, and his summons to the eternal home came while Mrs. Hills still remained to cheer us; but none of us doubt that now, at last, she has known where to find her friend and fellow mission worker.

I lift my pencil and require it to pause as I think of the hundreds, throughout our land and India, who also will wish to express reminiscences of her inspiration. Once after a lecture by Lucy Stone, I went with her to the platform and Mrs. Stone greeted her with great affection, as they talked of Oberlin days. She was a welcome guest in the home of Frances Willard, and we remember with what words of appreciation Miss Willard, first president of the National Council, introduced her to a large Washington audience. But I must not write more, but leave to others space to also express their love and homage.



from the field.

INDIA W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

(And other interesting events described by Miss Coombs.)

IN a letter from home to-day someone tells me of a boy who looks in the HELPER, the first thing, to see if there is something from Miss Coombs, and my conscience smote me to think of how many times that boy must have looked in vain; so I sit down right now, to reward him, at least once, for his looking. The

last time I wrote, Santipore was filling my horizon, but now I'm back in Midnapore at my old work; but a very much out-of-time storm has stopped everything and so there is a chance for letter writing. This storm is causing much suffering among the poor people, and will doubtless damage the ripening grain a great deal. One person said to me to-day: "I never saw anything like this in all my life! A rain storm when the rice is ripening!" and I'm sure I do not remember such a thing in all my years in India. The poor go shivering about all humped up, reminding me of tiny lambs in the cold spring days. The cold season is

hard for them, anyway, but they keep in the sun as much as possible. Now to have the wet, cold rain added and no sun, they do look forlorn enough. The seasons have been irregular all the year—all of a month behind the time. If this rain could have come a month and more ago the farmers would have welcomed it. Now they see their ripening fields beat down into the mud, and that which is cut soaked and damaged in no small degree.

Some of our workers, too, have started out for the cold season's campaign, and are living in tents which they must find far from comfortable in this kind of weather. Others were to start out to-day, but are delayed indefinitely. All this is so unexpected that it seems all the harder to bear, for usually we "take no thought" for the weather at this time of year. The sun rises and sets and the days come and go with no anxious glances toward the sky, from the middle of October till the middle of February, with a possible few days of clouds and perhaps rain the last of December or the first of January.

Our work was closed from the 12th of October to the 29th, during Durga Pujah, when all the courts, colleges, schools, and offices are closed. It is the great annual festival and we close our work, too, along with everybody else and give ourselves a vacation. I left Santipore Oct. 4, so had been home long enough to take over my work, straighten accounts and look after things a bit, when vacation came, and then I started for Cawnpore, seven hundred miles away, to attend the National Convention of the W. C. T. U. for all India. I had been looking forward to this for more than a year, and was glad to meet with women who, from long distances and in the midst of busy lives, gathered to report progress and plan further in the fight against this old enemy.

From Madras to Mussoorie and from Bombay to Calcutta they came—nearly every one a missionary, knowing it meant added burdens and expense, but every one alive to the need of somebody's being willing to make sacrifices in order to do something to check the oncoming forces of this strong and cruel but wily enemy. The reports from all the departments showed steady, persistent holding on, and though we could not rejoice over great victories, yet we could rejoice in the fact of the enemy's being held in check, and in one case a decided victory—that of a law passed forbidding the engaging of English girls for barmaids in Calcutta, or "in any capacity" connected with a saloon or hotel. This was only secured after months of patient, hard work in securing names of influential men and women to several petitions to the Viceroy and Council. The women of the Calcutta W. C. T. U. had a large share in this hard work, and the sad death by suicide of two sisters who were serving as barmaids, and the attempted suicide of a third, gave a pitiful force to their petition. This success in Calcutta has strengthened the hearts and faith of the Bombay workers, and the

same will be attempted there. These girls are decoyed from England on the pretense that they are to be given good, respectable positions at alluringly high wages, only to find on their arrival here that they are to use their personal attractions to lure young men to destruction. The number of delegates at the Convention was not large—only seventeen, but they represented a large constituency, and the public meetings proved the interest felt by those outside this little circle of workers gathered.

In the intervals of business, I took the opportunity to visit the places of historic interest in connection with the mutiny—the Memorial Church, Massacre Ghat, and the Well. The first is a beautiful structure built on the spot where the English troops and residents were besieged by the mutineers, and whose walls are lined with marble slabs covered with the names of those who were killed in the mutiny—hundreds and hundreds of them. Massacre Ghat is the place by the riverside where the boats were treacherously fired upon and scores killed after starting for a place of safety, having been promised safe escort, and where all the men were killed as they tried to escape from the boats. The Well is the saddest place of all, for there the women and children, numbering more than 150, who had been saved alive from the former massacre, were thrown—some dead, some dying—brutally killed when the news of the rescuing army reached Cawnpore. It has no appearance of a well now, for it has been covered with heavy mason work and surmounted by a marble angel and all surrounded by a high, open-work wall. It is in the midst of a lovely garden with green lawns, bright flowers, graveled walks, shady trees—incongruously beautiful to commemorate such fiendish cruelty. My imagination called the whole scene so vividly to mind that I did not care to linger, for a gruesome picture at the church, of the place as it was found when General Havelock arrived with bloody handprints on the wall, articles of clothing strewn here and there, childrens playthings scattered about, all told of sudden and fearful scenes and gave me an actual feeling of nausea. These scenes are all in the past. God grant they may never be repeated!

After the Convention was over, I went to Lucknow for two days to attend some meetings, held each year at this time and place, for the deepening of spiritual life, and enjoyed them all very much.

I was back in Midnapore in time to open work on the 29th, but again to be off in another week to our own Yearly Meeting. This was at Balasore and though we had good meetings, yet there was a continual feeling of sadness that we were so few and so young. We were never so small a band since I have been in the field, and with the exception of two, none had been here more than eight years. I coveted the grey-haired veterans I had seen in other missions

when on my vacation, and longed for the counsel of our own, gone on before.

Now, back again in Midnapore, I hope for a month, at least, of good, solid work. Then comes Christmas and New Year's, and after that I hope for a trip, or some trips, into the country for evangelistic work. L. C. COOMBS.

Midnapore, Nov. 25, 1901.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

New auxiliary, Milo, Me.

A new auxiliary is cheering news. Mrs. Cora Hayden, who organized it, reports twenty-five members, and the prospect of supporting a teacher in India. May the year 1902 produce a good many more auxiliaries.

This is the last day of the old year, and I wish every one a happy New Year. May our happiness be of a kind that is an inspiration to take up the work of the new year with enthusiasm, with patience, and with great dependence on the one Source of strength, for there is much to be done absolutely requiring these qualities if success is to be won.

During December the young people have made frequent visits to the treasurer in a very gratifying way—through U. S. notes, checks, and money orders. The juniors of Cambridge, Mass., of Marion, O., of Rochester, N. H., and the Union S. S. of Chesterville, Me., have paid in full their pledges for a share or more in Miss Barnes's salary; the juniors of Bath, Me., have contributed towards the support of Henlotti; a branch of the Y. P. S. C. E. of Portland, Me., known as the "Dorcas Smith Memorial Circle," has paid ten dollars for the Widows' Home, and the Sunday school of Elmwood Ave. church of Providence, R. I., \$12.50 for kindergarten work; the young people of Gonic, N. H., have made their usual quarterly remittance for a child in Sinclair Orphanage; and the S. S. Mission Band of Sioux Falls, S. D., has contributed two dollars for Suli. Besides, a band of girls in the Winter St. Church, Haverhill, Mass., calling themselves "The Sunbeams," has been organized. The first thing they did was to pay in full to 1902 for one share in Miss Barnes's salary; and some more good news is that the C. E. Society of Elmwood Avenue Church, Providence, has decided to support a child in Sinclair Orphanage three years, and Mrs. Lathrop's class of young ladies in the church of Carolina, R. I., a widow in the "Dorcas Smith Home" for three years. How cheering to have the young people assume responsibilities. Who will be the next? Two Cradle Rolls have been heard from—way off in Horton, Kan., and way down East in Topsham, Me.!

I have also had some very pleasant letters. One was from an auxiliary in Minnesota which has done special work that now needs it no longer; the one who writes about it says: "We will do something in another direction, of course

in the mission line. I never intend giving up working for missions as long as I live." Is not this the true ring? Another was from a lady in New Hampshire, who makes a contribution for the work; though obliged to attend the church of another denomination, she does not forget her home duties; from a gentleman in the same State comes the balance of dues for this year for the support of a child in Sinclair Orphanage, and in doing it he betrays a degree of faithfulness which if imitated by all would make full mission treasuries. A lady from Ohio in enclosing her annual dues for two years, says: "I am greatly indebted to the W. M. S. and to Sister Moody for the interest I now have in mission work. The MISSIONARY HELPER is a great helper indeed to me." We have to thank an unknown "friend" in Iowa for a Christmas gift, and generously has the Spencer, Iowa, auxiliary responded to the winter's need. There is just one discouraged note from an auxiliary which has been reduced by deaths and removals. There are, doubtless, others that feel the same way. Why cannot the few, who are still left, recognize this as God's opportunity to make new paths for their feet? How? By earnestly seeking wisdom and help of God. Might this not show a way out of darkness into light?

The treasury is helped this month by income from the Curtis fund; and this reminds me that our invested funds have, in the past, solved very effectively the problem how to increase our income for needs that would not have otherwise been met. This was especially true when the bequest of over \$25,000 was received from the estate of Robert Cristy. We were then face to face with a need that we could not have responded to without a much larger income than we could reasonably look for from ordinary sources. We are approaching such a place now. Shall we not unite our prayers in the Quiet Hour that God will move somebody to give another fund as large as the Cristy fund? In view of all that has been done for the work through us in the past and of present need, is this an unreasonable request to make? Please, dear fellow-workers, think seriously and prayerfully on this matter during the year 1902.

The annual letter of the Maine Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society for 1901-1902 is a model of conciseness and yet of inclusiveness. I wish every State society would send out yearly such a letter. It endorses "the action taken at the annual meeting of the general society, setting aside 10 A. M. of each day" for prayer. Reference is made to the MISSIONARY HELPER, to our literature, and, where it can be secured, to Cradle Rolls, to the thank-offering and organizing work, beside assigning apportionment of money and HELPERS to each quarterly meeting and conference. All this is included in a leaflet of eight very small pages.

This is my last opportunity for our usual quarterly appeal, as the quarter

closes with Feb. 28. Our receipts have fallen off since the close of November, and so we need at least \$150 more by that date than during the same time last year. How can we get it? First of all, collect all quarterly dues, and get new members, and then secure special contributions from those who do not often give to the F. B. W. M. S. If some one in each auxiliary will follow out these suggestions I feel very sure we shall have a good many extra dollars by Feb. 28. Then, will not some one, in churches where there are no auxiliaries, and where no agent is appointed, act as a self-constituted agent, collecting memberships and special contributions? Such will be aided in their work by sending for membership cards to Mrs. S. C. G. Avery, Wells Branch, Me.

In these notes I have made my appeals for this winter quarter, and for the work generally, just as strong as I know how, without resorting to a method of appeal that might indicate that I am discouraged. I am not that, for God reigns; but I do feel that if we have any intention of going forward in our work, or even of holding our own, we must lay hold on faith and works as we have not in the past. I think a good working motto for the year 1902 is, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

Ocean Park, Me.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

(All money orders should be made payable in *Dover, N. H.*)

A PLEA FOR THE "HELPER."

BY ONE INTERESTED.

WE would not exalt our magazine beyond measure, but what the telescope is to those interested in the solar system, the MISSIONARY HELPER is to those interested in foreign fields of Christian activity. Distant objects are brought near, unseen relations revealed, illusions dispelled, and the harmony and utility of home work and foreign work become clear and fixed.

Through the MISSIONARY HELPER no heavenly bodies in our moral skies shine with greater luster than our unselfish band of workers in India. Though small when compared with the constellations of the larger Christian bodies, yet to Free Baptists, at least, they inspire faith and hope and action, and give us light by which we take our reckoning. Limited would be our work and uncertain our way in the future without them.

As a medium of usefulness, pleasure, and profit, and at such a moderate cost, will not our sisters, and our brothers as well, avail themselves of this helpful magazine? And to those who have the means and heart, will you not send the HELPER to some less favored? Only those who give know how blessed is the privilege of so doing.

For the Publication Committee.

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

TOPICS FOR 1902.

- January—An Introduction to the Study of Missions :
1. Paul to Constantine.
February—Prayer and Praise.
March—Storer College.
April—2. Constantine to Charlemagne.
May—Thank-Offering.
June—3. Charlemagne to Bernard of Clairvaux.
July—4. Bernard of Clairvaux to Luther.
August—Outing. Current Denominational Events.
September—5. Luther to Halle Missionaries.
October—Roll-call and Membership Meeting.
November—"Missionary Helper."
December—6. The Halle Missionaries to Carey and Judson.

MARCH.—STORER COLLEGE.

Suggestive Program.

"The partial solution of the negro problem through the medium of Christian schools is a contribution to the solution of other sociological and race problems of world-wide significance."

SINGING.

Scripture reading. John 2 : 1-18.

Prayer for blessing upon every effort, the world over, for the education and uplift of the negro ; and upon all who are

"Working out our Father's plan
To show to men the brotherhood of man."

Questions and answers : * Leader and members.

Brief papers or talks :

- a. Historic Harper's Ferry.
- b. First Impressions of Storer College.
- c. A Day at Storer.
- d. Present Needs.

(Refer to articles in this number ; "Glimpses of General Conference," in October, 1901 ; Free Baptist Cyclopædia, and articles in the *Star* and *Free Baptist*.)

Prayer for Storer College, its pupils and its teachers ; for the organizations and individuals that work for it ; may the way be opened for the supplying of its present needs, and may each one of us do our part toward that end.

Singing.

* A series of numbered questions should be previously prepared, with answers on slips of paper correspondingly numbered. Ample material can be found on "Is It Worth While to Educate the Negro?", first work for the freedmen, establishment of Storer College, early experiences of teachers, the plan and purpose of the work, what the W. M. S. has done for it, the Domestic Science Department, and many other questions, in the *HELPER* for August, '97, March, '98, July, '99, October, 1900, June and July, 1901 ; also in the *Morning Star* and *Free Baptist*. The item on page 81, March, '98, *HELPER*, beginning, "It is the only institution," etc., should be crossed out. It is no longer true, Other institutions in the territory mentioned are doing magnificent work.

The Missionary Helper Branch of the International Sunshine Society.

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on.

ALL letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page, or Sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 232 Keap St., Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.

INTERNATIONAL DAY.

Jan. 29 was observed as the International Day of the HELPER Branch. A few of the members responded to the call, but we hope to hear from others. A full report will be given later.

DISTRIBUTIONS.

There has been a steady stream of sunshine going on since the holiday season, which the following reports will show: Mrs. M. A. Preston, one of our most generous members, sent a package which contained two silk doilies, book "Gold Dust," bed-room slippers, and one dollar, fifty cents for subscription for HELPER (which will be sent to a Nebraska member) and fifty cents for Sunshine postage. Mrs. Geo. H. Hamlen of India a beautiful handkerchief and two India papers.

Mrs. Jennie E. Boucher, our thoughtful shut-in member, a package of dainty cards and a hand-made rose doily. Twenty-four cents in stamps for I. S. S. work from a Maine member.

Souvenir of the Children's Home of Dover, N. H., in the form of a helpful cook book, from Mrs. Mary F. Morrill.

Mrs. Jennie C. Marshall twenty-four cents in stamps sent with the hope of "bringing Sunshine to someone who needs it."

Mrs. Luella B. Carey, who is sending good cheer in many ways, has helped in our Branch work and has given twenty-five cents for I. S. S. postage.

Mrs. Lucy A. Hill, one of our California members, has been very ill for a number of months, but remembers us with thirty cents as dues.

Mrs. M. E. Preble, although not strong yet, but is constantly doing something to brighten the lives of others, has sent a few stamps to help in the work.

Mrs. E. J. Small of Gray, Me., is passing on good reading matter, and gave twenty-five cents for Christmas Sunshine.

Mr. C. C. Morrill helped in our recent holiday good cheer, and writes that he is trying to do what good he can in the name of Sunshine.

Mrs. Laura M. Tennis and sister, Miss Nettie Miller, also deserve thanks for good cheer work.

Mrs. Martha E. McCrimick and Miss Frances I. Judd have sent money for gold I. S. S. pins.

Mrs. I. L. Patch money for silver pin and postage. A package containing beautiful crocheted lace, without a name; the sender will please accept our thanks.

Mrs. S. A. Kelsey is passing on the HELPER and other good literature, and has given twenty cents in stamps.

APPRECIATION.

Mrs. Lewis Richards of Limerick, Me., who has been a helpless cripple for the past twelve years, sends word that the letters and tokens received from the members have been of great cheer and encouragement to her. Will the members continue to remember this dear sister? Mrs. Asenath P. Wentworth of Limington, Me., an aged and very lonely member, is thankful for Sunshine received, and would be greatly cheered by letters.

BIRTHDAY NOTICE.

Will the members kindly send birthday greetings to Miss Sarah E. Tanner (invalid) on Feb. 21? Address, Gonic, N. H.

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallise into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."



THE STILL HOUR.

A MORNING PRAYER.

WE come to thee, dear Father, Lord,
Before the duties of the day,
We look into thy face, and lay
Our hands in thine, to guide the way.
Help us to feel thy presence near
In all we do, where'er we go.
According to our need give grace
And help us every trial through.

Thou art our Father, Saviour, Friend,
Thou knowest all that we can bear,
Temptation thou hast measured, known,
In human weakness had a share.
Our trials thou hast tested, shared.
Thy foot has pressed the cruel thorn,
The heaviest part of every cross
With love for us thyself hast borne.

Nor is there any previous joy
Into my cup of life to fall,
That is not dearer, sweeter far,
Because thyself hast chosen all;
So what may be before us now,
May all but bring us closer still
To thee, O blessed Master, Christ,
To do with love thy holy will.

—Phebe A. Holder.

"Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God," is an utterance of the soul that gives life at once the highest unity and consistency, power and joy, peace and fruitfulness. The smallest task feels its dignity, the noblest calling becomes the more ennobled. The trying and disagreeable and wearisome things are seen in a new light and borne with a high hope. It is like work on a splendid building. Digging and carting, cutting and trimming, stone and mortar and scaffolding, all belong to a great purpose and push its fulfilment.

The will of God! To do my share of it—where I live, with my tools, with my opportunities, with my enlargement or limitations—that is what I am for. It is a life of self-surrender, as I look up—of constant trust in my Father's love, of the growing intimacy of a devoted child, of the longing to know him better and please him more perfectly. It is a life of self-mastery, as I look in—of steady determination to keep my senses under the rule of my spirit, to bring every thought even into captivity to the obedience of Jesus Christ; and a life of self-development in the training of every power. It is the enlarging and enriching of every faculty; the enlightening and ennobling of tastes and sympathies. It is

a life of self-devotion, of putting my best self at the point of need, striving in all sacred and sacrificial uses of life to bless the world, to uplift and redeem, and fill up in my body that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ. . . .

To do the will of God—that is the chief end and glory of man. No other aim can stand in the test of time, to say nothing of eternity. No other aim can bring every note in the gamut of our being into play and make a genuine psalm of life. No other can take every fragment of our being, every word and deed, every thought and longing, every task and trial, every test and sorrow, and fit it into a mosaic whose pattern is the one shown on the mount, whose clear image is the predestined likeness of Jesus Christ.—From "*Thoughts for Every-Day Living*," by Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock.

MRS. TWICKER'S CONFESSION.

"I REMEMBER I'd just been blacking my stove a little, one morning," said Mrs. Twicker, "and I stood and looked at it, brush in hand, and I said, 'It don't shine very bright, but it don't look as if the heathen lived here quite as much as it did before I touched it.'"

"That word 'heathen' reminded me of something. Day before at meeting, our president, Mis' Pierson, had tried to get me to subscribe for a little foreign mission paper.

" 'It isn't but sixty cents a year,' said she, 'and it's real interesting.'"

"And I up and answered her, 'You *know* I never have anything to do with foreign missions! I believe in home missions, and I help them all I can; but I *don't* believe in foreign. No, I'm not going to take the paper. It isn't the sixty cents, but it's something I don't believe in, this foreign missions.'"

" 'You pray for foreign missions, though,' she said.

" 'I don't,' I answered, getting contrary right away.

" 'Yes,' went on Mis' Pierson, 'you pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."'

" 'Well, that doesn't mean foreign missions, I said.

" 'What else does it mean?' she asked.

"And then she went off and didn't trouble me any more. Maybe she remembered how I'd helped pack the home mission barrel last October. I sat up nights and nights making aprons and dresses and sacks for that home missionary's little girls, and I give some of my best dried peaches and a couple of sheets, and spent three afternoons helping fix a quilt for the barrel; and I made the home missionary's three boys three pairs of leather kneecaps and wrote with them what they was for, though whether that home missionary's wife could make them wear them I don't know, but she'd better, for boys do wear out their knees awful.

"And to think, after all that, our president should come to me about *foreign* missions !

"It bothered me some what she said about 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' My little girl Katie and I had always said the Lord's Prayer together every night after her little prayer was over, and of course every night I began to remember what our president said. But said I to myself: 'I ain't going to let that bother me. It's as much my prayer as Mis' Pierson's, and it don't mean foreign missions.'

"And I don't know as it would have fetched me if it hadn't been for a mistake my little girl Katie made some time afterwards. She is seven years old. I never have made her do any hard work, of course ; only some little errands and things such as a child of her age ought to do at home. Wiping dishes nights was one of the things. And I'd notice that for a couple of weeks she had let those dishes lie in the pan in the sink after I'd wash them, and she'd wait two hours or so, till it was 'most bedtime, before she'd fly around and wipe them.

"I didn't like that, and one night I asked, 'What makes you wait so long before wiping those dishes?'

"'Cause'— she said ; her voice kind of trembled.

"'Because what?' I kept on. 'You let them go every night till it's most your bedtime. You used to do them up right away.'

"And Katie, she just burst out crying then, and she cried and cried, and I tried to make out what she said, and at last I heard her say she wasn't going to pray any more. She didn't believe God ever heard little girls' prayers.

"'Why?' I asked, astonished. 'What's that got to do with the dishes?'

"Well, she cried some more, and, come to find out, every night when I'd washed the dishes she'd prayed that the Lord would send somebody to wipe them, because she hated to do it herself. She'd gone off into the sitting-room and prayed, and waited for the somebody to come wipe those dishes ; but nobody ever came, and she had to wipe them herself every night before she went to bed. And now she wasn't going to believe in praying any more.

"Well, you know, of course, I had to sit right down and explain to her how the Lord always expects us to answer our own prayers as far as we can, and I told her how he gave her her hands and her strength to help mamma with, and he expected her not to be lazy. *She* was the somebody he expected would wipe the dishes. And after the child understood how it was, she up'n wiped the dishes as nice as could be.

"When I came to put her to bed I heard her say her prayer, and then she'n I both said the Lord's Prayer together same's usual. Now, I'd never been able to say that, since the president spoke, without thinking of what she said

about 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' meaning foreign missions. And it come to me that night and bothered me more than usual. Hadn't I just been telling Katie that the Lord always expects us to answer our own prayer as far as we can? And if the Lord's Prayer did mean foreign missions, was I doing what I'd told my little girl to do?

"Now, if there's any kind of botheration I do hate, it is a thought that follows you, and pesters you, and won't let you alone. And that's the way this thought behaved. It tagged after me all the evening till I just dropped my work, and said I, kind of provoked, 'I'll reason it out.'

"You see I hadn't any idea but I'd come out ahead after I'd reasoned a little and got it clear. I was sure I was right. It was pretty hard reasoning, too. I did, because, you know, a woman like me that's always thought she'd had sense for all her doings does hate to give in that she's been wrong.

" 'Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'

" 'On earth' didn't seem to mean only 'at home.' Think of changing the Lord's Prayer, and saying, 'Thy kingdom come at home, and no matter whether it comes anywhere else or not;' how could I? And what was I a-praying for the rest of the earth for, if I wasn't doing a thing toward answering my own prayer?

"Well, now, I didn't exactly expect to do that kind of reasoning. It went against the grain, I tell you. But at last I owned up.

"Said I to myself, 'I have been a-praying for foreign missions. I've prayed for them all my life, and I do declare I'm not going to be worse than Katie was about those dishes. When she understood about her prayers she went right to work, and now I've found out about the 'will' being 'done on earth,' I'm going to work.

"Well, I told our president she might send for that foreign mission paper for me, and she was considerable surprised, but she did; and I've read it faithful, and I've found out things upon things that I didn't know before. Why, you can't help being interested in foreign missions when you ain't ignorant of them. When you don't know how they're getting on, of course you're not interested. Folks may know lots about other things, and yet be the most ignorant kind about foreign missions.

"And this is how, from not believing in foreign missions at all, I've come to believe in them with every bit of grit I've got. Maybe it wouldn't be reason enough for some women, but it is for me."—*Mary E. Bamford, in Life and Light.*

"ONLY he who puts his heart in his gift gives enough."

Words from Home Workers.

MAINE (*Saco*).—On Jan. 8. the writer attended a meeting of the W. M. S. at the home of Mrs. Durgin, one of the many beautiful homes in Saco. If this society is not the banner society it certainly is a model one with its capable and enthusiastic president, Mrs. Thomas, its large attendance, its helpful and varied program, and above all, its zealous workers. The meeting was opened with several earnest prayers. Then each one present read some item of missionary intelligence from a slip which had been given her. Reports of a year's work at our several mission stations in India were read, followed by a map talk on each by the pastor's wife, Mrs. Stacy. The HELPER committee reported six or seven new subscribers with only part of the parish yet visited. The committee of the home branch of the society reported over two hundred articles distributed among the needy about town, and a box sent to the home for homeless boys in Vermont. Miss DeMeritte and Mrs. Buzzell of Ocean Park, guests of the society, were invited to take part in the exercises. Miss DeMeritte told of the plan and purpose of "Via Christi," and also answered some questions concerning Miss Barnes and her work. Mrs. Buzzell sang as only she can sing. The usual collection was then taken, after which refreshments were served. J.

Pittsfield.—Our auxiliary held its first regular meeting Jan. 1, 1901. Starting out with the new century, we have met once in two weeks, and our meetings have always been interesting. We have adopted a Bible woman, "Nettie," pledging to support her for three years. We have decided to found a library of missionary literature, and at one meeting Mrs. Lothrop gave "Missionary Reminiscences," the writer "The Life of James Phillips," and others signified their intention of giving new books soon. These books are to be read aloud at the meetings. In October we held our Roll-Call at the home of the president, Mrs. Josie Smith. We used a part of the program in HELPER, had a report of the mission meeting at the Waterville Conference, by Mrs. Lizzie Gilman, and a report of the mission work done at General Conference, by Mrs. Jennie Randlett. A poem was read by the writer, and "Consecration" was sung by Mrs. Fannie Cornell. Refreshments were served to a large company of ladies, many of whom were invited guests, but we hope will soon become members. We sadly missed our "Greatheart," Mrs. George, when she went away, while we congratulated the church at Ashland, N. H., for securing such a prize. Now that the new year has come, we have sent for "Via Christi," intending to take up the course of interdenominational mission study. Our new president is our pastor's wife, Mrs. Tracy. We have pledged to raise twenty-five dollars a year.

M. B. WINGATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—Mrs. May B. Kneeland, North Lebanon, has been appointed superintendent of junior work for Maine. MARY E. WHITE, Sec.

MASSACHUSETTS (*Worcester*).—We have at last organized a missionary society with ten members. There are not many interested as yet, but we hope to grow and help some poor child to see the light. One of our band, Mrs. Hadley, has been called home. We shall miss her as we meet from time to time. Fourteen HELPERS are taken here. MRS. WHITE.

OHIO.—Marion Quarterly Meeting held its December session with the La-Rue F. B. church, Dec. 6-8, 1901. The interest was good, and business transacted in harmony and brotherly kindness. Rev. Mr. Barnard of Marion preached the opening sermon Friday evening, and struck the keynote for the session—"Heart Purity." Saturday morning, Rev. Mr. Chamberlin of Morral preached an excellent sermon. In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Barnard gave us another soul-stirring talk. In the evening Rev. Mr. Chamberlin gave a very interesting lecture on the subject of missions, abounding in information and bristling with facts, following which came a collection for the W. M. S. Sunday morning and evening Mrs. Rev. Chamberlin preached two very interesting sermons. Taken all in all this session was a spiritual uplift, and we trust will result in great good. [MRS] J. A. SUTTON.

MINNESOTA (*Winona Q. M.*).—Although the Winona Q. M. is the smallest one in the State of Minnesota, we find faithful workers here who are trying to do all they can to advance the cause of Christ. As it has been a long time since anything from this Q. M. W. M. S. has appeared in the HELPER, I am requested to tell you something of what we are trying to do. There are only four churches in this Q. M.—Winona, Money Creek, Pickwick, and Hartford. The last two are very small, without pastors or missionary societies. Money Creek and Winona both have an auxiliary which have held their meetings regularly, although it has been some time since they have had a public meeting at a Q. M. session until the last one in September, at which time new officers were elected, and we trust a missionary meeting will be held at each Q. M. session hereafter. At Winona we have fifteen members in our auxiliary and a Cradle Roll of about the same number. In June we held a thank-offering service on Sunday evening with a large attendance. In September we organized a mission band of fourteen boys and girls between the ages of twelve and fifteen years. They meet each Sunday afternoon at the home of the writer, and a few more are added at each meeting. Their bright young faces light up with real interest as they study the condition of the young people of India, and as the roll is called respond by dropping a penny in a box and repeating a passage of Scripture. There are many young people that attend the F. B. church in this city, and we are in hopes some of

them may become real wide-awake, earnest missionaries, and that all may have a part in sending the "glad tidings" to those who never heard them.

[Mrs.] A. A. McKENNEY.

AMONG OUR BOOKS.

THE AMERICAN REVISION.*

The year 1901 witnessed the publication of "The American Standard Revision of the Bible." In 1881 the Revision of the New Testament appeared from the Oxford and Cambridge Presses, and in 1885 the Old Testament followed. The revision was done by an English company, with an American company working independently, making suggestions. Some of these were adopted by the English Revisers and some were not; but the latter were published as an appendix. The readings and renderings of the American Revisers had in general received commendation, and the English Presses about three years ago printed an edition of the Revised Bible, transferring the preferences of the American Revisers from the appendix to the body of the work. This Bible had no approval by the American Revisers. They had in their original work reduced the number of their preferences so as not to make the appendix large, and in the desire to go to press sooner than was expected time was wanting for the American company to revise its work. The English company disbanded, but the American one kept up its organization and continued its work for more than a score of years after the Revision first came from the Oxford and Cambridge Presses. The result of their work we have in the American Revision published last August. The revision has been fortunate in collaborators and in its American publishers, and is, no doubt, in the best form we can have it for generations.

Some of the improvements of the American Revision over the English one are: the use of "who" or "that" for "which" referring to persons, the removal of obsolete words, the making of the spelling conform to American usage, a better paragraphing, an improved punctuation, grammatical accuracy, using "are" for "be" in indicative mood, omitting "for" before infinitives, doing away with archaisms, a greater consistency in rendering, eliminating obscure terms, a greater accuracy in using the auxiliaries "shall" and "will," the removal of Hebrew expressions, greater accuracy and perspicuity, the correct use of the article "the," running headlines to indicate the contents of the pages. The foregoing are some of the improved features of this excellent Bible. C. J.

* The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, translated out of the original tongues, being the version set forth A. D. 1611, compared with the most ancient authorities, and revised A. D. 1881-1885. Newly edited by the American Revision Committee, A. D. 1901. Standard Edition. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. From \$1.50 to \$9.

MAGAZINE NOTES.

The Saturday Evening Post is pre-eminently a present-day journal, with articles on railroading, telegraphy, photography; letters from "self-made" men, practical advice to young men by President Thwing and other well-known educators; bright bits about "Men and Women of the Hour," discriminating editorials, a dash of humor, and well-written short stories. The current serial is "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," by Hamlin Garland, which deals with life on an Indian Reservation in a fashion that sets one thinking along lines suggested by Helen Hunt Jackson's stories, and appeals in behalf of the "red men." The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia. \$1 a year.

The Atlantic Monthly does not need to make large promises because it *is* what it *seems*, and lives its creed. However, it is interesting to note the outline of the new year which opens richly with the January number. The initial paper on "Reading the *Atlantic* Cheerfully" is peculiarly suggestive, and all editors, at least, will say "Amen." Among the notable articles are "Recollections of the Twentieth Century" and "What is the Real Emancipation of Woman?" At the close of the serial story "Audrey," a romance of old-time life in the South, there will be a continued story of present-day life in New England, by George W. Cable. The promised literary, educational, historical, and political papers, as well as the writing in a lighter vein, make the "gentle reader" cheerful in advance. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$4 a year.

RECEIVED.—"A Consecrated Life." A Sketch of the Life and Labors of Rev. Ransom Dunn, D. D. By his daughter, Helen Dunn Gates. The Morning Star Publishing House, Boston, Mass.—Year Book of the F. B. church of New Brunswick.

MISSION PICTURE SET. A set of twenty pictures, in a neat case, especially selected to illustrate and accompany the studies in "Via Christi," can be purchased for 25 cents of the Perry Picture Company, Malden, Mass.

OUR Father has a habit of distilling his manna from a very small cloud when a heart is truly spread out beneath it. It is not the amount of ground covered that makes the Quiet Hour enriching; it is praying one's way into the heart of a passage, in its Spirit-lighted cloister to meet and tarry with the Lord. The Quiet Hour has failed unless the aroma of God's own presence clings about you as you leave it. It is not a time for stated Bible study. The use of the word is to lift the curtain that revileth he Holiest, thee to leave you face to face with God.
—*Our Journal.*

Our Juniors.

CHUMPA AND CHINTA'S NEW HOME.*

THERE are a good number of leper homes, or asylums, in different parts of India, which God has led his servants to establish for these greatly afflicted people. One of them is in Asansol, Bengal, where Chumpa and Chinta, of whom you have heard, now live. It was opened in 1891 by Rev. W. P. Byers, the missionary who is still in charge. Unless I tell you, you may think of it as one large building. There are three, the men's building, the women's building, and "Mrs. Marshall's home for leper children." This sign you can read as you pass by in the railway train, as the grounds are not far from the line. Mrs. Marshall is a dear old lady in Canada who made a very beautiful silk quilt with Bible scenes embroidered on many of the pieces. Now listen! That quilt was sold. For how much do you think? \$400. She has known Mr. Byers from childhood and sent the price of her quilt to him, and up went the home for leper children which very appropriately bears her name. Her photograph hangs on the wall. She is still living and writes them beautiful letters. This home is very necessary, because by keeping the children separated from those who have sores sometimes the disease does not appear on them.

Let no one think that quilt making is too old-fashioned a way to work for the Lord. Perhaps some of the "juniors" who read this will be able to make, at least, a \$4 one for his work. Try it. The more who help do it, the better.

A titled lady in Canada, whose name I forget, heard a letter read about these lepers, and gave the money which built a nice little church; and, specially for them, a native pastor and his family (not lepers) live close by, and many good meetings do they have there. At present, there are about one hundred in all, and three-fourths of them have become Christians. Some have died very happy, trusting in the Lord they loved. Our Chundra Lela has recently visited the place and tells of very interesting meetings with them. All who are able to do so cook for themselves. The day I was there was market day. A man was busy at the storehouse measuring and weighing out rice, dahl, spices, etc. But unlike other markets they do not have to take pice in their hands, for they receive sufficient for their needs "without money and without price."

Chinta has learned to walk, and runs all about now. Pray for him and his mother and all the lepers in this large country, and don't forget the ones who are doing their best to help these truly helpless afflicted ones. But only Christ can do the *great* thing. How blessed that we have such a wonderful Saviour to recommend to them and to *all* who will accept his great and precious gift of salvation by faith in Him "who loved us and gave himself for us."

Bhadrak, India.

E. E. BARNES.

* The first part of the story of Chumpa and Chinta appeared in the October HELPER.

Cradle-Roll of Little Light-Bearers.

"O the myriads of sweet Little Light-Bearers,
Shining far and near,
May the light you bear
In this world of care
Grow brighter year by year!"

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

Children, five years of age and under, become members by enrolment and the payment of a fifteen-cent fee. An equal or larger amount must be given each succeeding year through the mite-box plan.

"Every little mite, every little measure,
Helps to spread the light, helps to swell the treasure."

CHILDREN SUPPORTED.

Anundini and Bijou, in Sinclair Orphanage, Balasore, India.

"Over the ocean blue
The dawn of the Little Light-Bearers
Means a blessed dawn for you."

CRADLE-ROLL LIST.

(All that have paid since Jan. 1, 1901.)

Maine.—Auburn, Bowdoinham Ridge, Biddeford, Cape Elizabeth, Dover and Foxcroft, East Otisfield, Fort Fairfield, Georgetown, Island Falls, North Berwick, North Anson, North Chesterville, Portland, Pittsfield, Steep Falls, Topsham, West Falmouth.—17.

New Hampshire.—Dover Epsom, Gonic, Lakeport, Pittsfield.—5.

Rhode Island.—Carolina, Providence (Roger Williams), Pawtucket.—3.

New York.—Brooklyn.—1.

Iowa.—Lincoln, Oakland City, Orchard.—3.

Minnesota.—Winnebago City.—1.

Kansas.—Horton, Houghton, Summit.—3.

Nebraska.—Lincoln.—1.

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for December, 1901.

MAINE.

Anson Q. M. aux.	\$3.82
Aroostook Q. M. coll. for September	6.00
Aroostook Q. M. coll. for December	8.00
Bath North St. F. B. W. M. S. for Hemlotti in S. O.	13.00
Bath North St. F. B. Jun. C. E. for Hemlotti	4.00
Boothbay ch.	1.00
Chesterfield Union S. S. for 1 share Miss Barnes's salary	4.00
Edgecomb Q. M. coll.	5.71
Farmington Q. M. for Kherod's successor	12.00
Georgetown 1st ch. aux.	6.00
Hollis aux. for F. M.	5.00
Lewiston Main St. aux. for Miss Coombs	10.00
Mapleton aux. for Paras native teacher	13.00
Madison aux. for Poma	6.25
Ocean Park Laura A. DeMeritte a Christmas offering	5.00
Portland 1st F. B. Y. P. S. C. E. Dorcas Smith Memorial Circle for W. H.	10.00
Scarboro aux. for zenana work	8.00
So. Limington aux. for Callie Weeks and on L. M. fee of Mrs. L. H. Metcalf	12.00
So. Parsonsfield W. M. aux.	3.00
Sprague's Mills S. S. for "Elouise" last support	25.00
Topsham F. B. ch. Cradle Roll	8.00
Woolwich and Wiscasset ch.	1.00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Ashland aux.	4.00
Bristol aux. for child in India	6.25
Center Sandwich aux. for Miss Butts and Ind. Dept.	8.75
Gonic Young People for Alma Seavey in S. O.	6.25
Nashua Mrs. Rose C. Milliken	2.00
New Hampton aux.	6.00
Rochester Juniors Miss Baker's salary	15.00
W. Lebanon aux. for F. M. being income of Marv A. Dearborn fund	6.00
Friend in N. H. for support of child in S. O.	10.00

VERMONT.

Hardwick W. M. S. for Miss Smith	5.00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury membership fees Mrs. L. R. Moulton and Mrs. C. M. Lamprey	2.00
Cambridge ch. Junior C. E. for Miss Barnes	4.00
Chelsea Abbie V. Winkley for F. M.	2.00
Haverhill F. B. Winter St. ch. Sunbeams for Miss Barnes's salary to Dec. 31, 1901	8.00
Lowell Chelmsford St. aux. for native teacher	6.25

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence Elmwood Ave. F. B. S. S. kindergarten work in India	12.50
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NEW YORK.

Fabius Mrs. Annie Dudley Bates	\$1.00
Gibson Q. M. W. M. S. for native teacher	6.26
Poland W. M. S. for F. M.	5.09

OHIO.

Defiance Mrs. Anna Meyers' dues for two years	2.00
Marion Jun. C. E. for Miss Barnes	1.00
Marion Q. M. May session at Marion	4.31
Marion Q. M. December session at LaRue	2.04

ILLINOIS.

Uniontown F. W. B. ch. W. M. aux. yearly dues	10.00
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MICHIGAN.

Burlington aux. Storer College. 60 H. M. \$1.17 Dr. B. \$1.16	2.93
Cook's Prairie aux. for Dr. M. Bacheler	1.50
Durand Mrs. S. H. Davis for Dr. B.	1.00
Durand Mr. Wm. Davis for Dr. B.50
Litchfield aux. Storer \$1 H. M. \$1 Dr. B. \$1	3.00
Maple Grove T. O. for Dr. B.	3.00

MINNESOTA.

Crystal aux. for Russell Mem. Sch.	9.60
Nashville Center W. M. S. 1-2 H. M. 1-2 F. M.	8.00
Winona aux. for F. M.	3.00

IOWA.

Aurora	3.55
Delaware and Clayton Q. M. coll.	5.00
Lamont	4.72
Spencer aux. for Miss Scott	22.00
A friend Christmas offering for the cause	3.00

KANSAS.

Horton Cradle Roll	1.00
Summit Cradle Roll Floyd Leroy Stockton15

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Sioux Falls \$2 for Suli in S. O. and \$1.65 on Miss Moody's salary	3.65
Sioux Falls S. S. Miss. Band for Suli in S. O.	2.00
Valley Springs for Miss Moody	1.65

MISCELLANEOUS.

Income Curtis fund for Inc. fund	25.00
Sale Handkerchiefs for W. H.	2.60

Total \$407.98

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Ocean Park, Me.

per EDVTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

CORRECTION.—By oversight the treasurer of the Maine W. M. S. duplicated the credit of Mrs. E. G. Page \$1, Mrs. A. G. Hill \$1, of Oakland and Waterville Conference coll. \$4.75 in November receipts so that Maine receipts should have been \$6.75 less. The contributions from St. Johnsbury, Vt., in November receipts should all be credited to Dr. Smith's salary.